

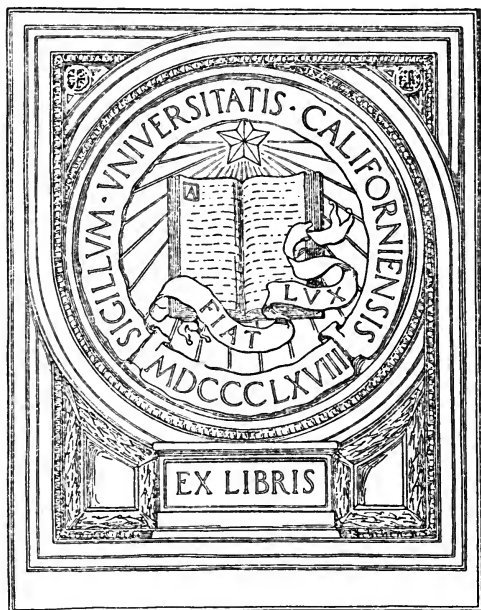
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JOHNNIE'S WAR DIARY

THE
ADVENTURES
OF A CAVALRY
TROOPER

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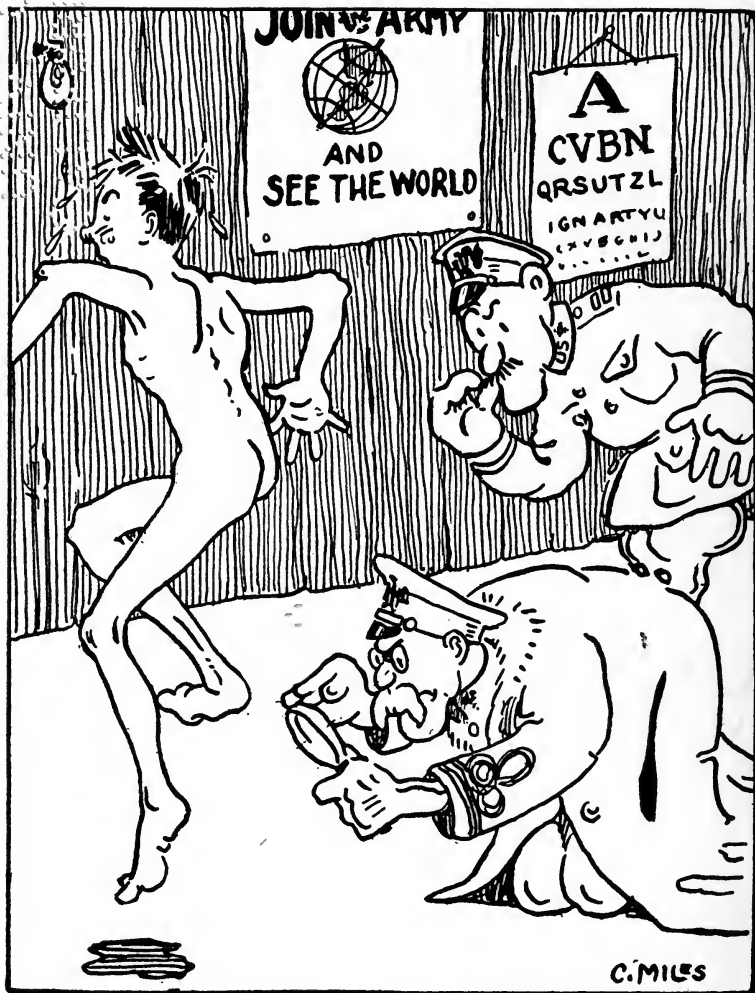
FRANKLIN
CUMMINGS



an j m. E. Stickle.

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*"And then I hopped on my big toe,
Just to show how fast I cud go."*

JOHNNIE'S WAR DIARY

Being
the Adventures of a
Cavalry Trooper



BY
FRANKLIN CUMMINGS

Illustrated by
CHARLES MILES.



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA,
LEDERER, STREET AND ZEUS Co.,
1919

TO AND
FROM
MURIEL

COPYRIGHT, 1919
By FRANKLIN CUMMINGS.

Gift of
Mary E. Stockle

To
MARY ELIZABETH SIBERT,
Who wore seven service stars.

M10458

"Johnnie's" letters have brought real amusement and pleasure to the readers of the DAILY CALIFORNIAN for many months. The campus looked forward each day to finding another letter setting down in Johnnie's way some new experience, fancied or real. Johnnie has often paraded the traditions and daily life of the University before us in such a way as to amuse us and at the same time set us thinking about their proper relation to university life. Johnnie has amused, ridiculed, scolded, praised and sometimes condemned episodes in the ordinary life of the student body. He has been good for us and for the University. It is well that the best of his letters are to be collected and put into readable and permanent form. Johnnie has made a place for himself in the great body of University tradition and history. He has added a measure of joy and instruction.

K. C. Leebrick.

FOREWORD



IN CREATING the character of Johnnie, my aim has been primarily to amuse. All popular ideas to the contrary, there is no group of individuals anywhere in our national life quite so prone to a healthy sense of humor as an undergraduate body of college students. It was with the view of satisfying to some small extent this irresistible desire to laugh shared by my college fellows of all classes that I have created a naïve and unsophisticated Johnnie and made him perform during a period of two years for the college audience of my own University.

Johnnie is an anomaly, an oddity, who has at all times the saving grace of an enlarged sense of humor. The experiences he relates are pretty generally and faithfully taken from the author's own experiences. There is little continuity of plot or action. The spelling is consciously exaggerated, and may be taken to imply a travesty on the woeful state of our own spelling here in college. The letters have been hurriedly written and without regard to any poetical form or metre other than the doggerel rhyme scheme followed throughout.

In sending the little volume to the press, I wish to make grateful acknowledgement to Dr. K. C. Leebrick of the History department for his warm encouragement and good counsel, to Charles Miles of the class of 1919, who has contributed his time and talent to the illustrating of Johnnie's experiences, to "Gus" Gustafson of the L., S. & Z. staff, who has always been ready with his store of experience to help in planning the makeup, to Paul L. Pioda, who has deprived himself of his typewriter that Johnnie might grow, and to my old friend and classmate, "Poko" Harter, who has always lent a patient ear to each new story, and whose rare good judgment and frank reactions have proven an indispensable criterion.

F. C.

Berkeley,
April 17, 1919.

JOHNNIE ENLISTS

May 27

Dere dierry, I'm a Raw Rekroot,
Reddy to fite the Germun broot.
To-day at the rekrooting stashun
I sined up for to serve the nashun.
Pattritizm fired my soul,
When I did reech this yerned
for goal.

For six weeks two raw eggs I'd et
Eech meel in hoaps that I wud get
Reel fat in order to inlist
And Unkle Sammy's boyze assist.
Raw eggs are very nawziating
And set the stommick palpitating.
I took them furst one Sunday nite
And failed to stir the yellow and
white

To-gether, so they wudn't slide
Reel eezy on their downward glide,
But stuck within my throat. The
yoke

Did make me snort and girgle
and choke

Until I had to outdores fly
And bid those eggs a fond good-
bye.

They fell and struck the ground
reel fast

But missed a lady's hat going past.
Sence then I've took my eggs
beet up

With Sherry wine in my Shaving
cup.

But still I never gayned no wate
And thot I wudn't hezzitate
No more, so to-day I appered
At the Rekrooting office, afeard
Only that beeing as I waz thin
Mite mabbe delay my getting in,

Or beeing as I'm so awful small,
They mite not let me in a-tall.
But I thot perhaps the Kalverry
Wud be a sootable branch for me,
So I up and shook the Sargent's
fist

And sed, "I gess I wanta inlist."
He took my name and all the datta
Of my berth and what had bin the
matter

With paw's great grandma when
she died

And I sed I thot twuz soocide,
And what maw's name was 'fore
she married,

And whether paw insurants carried,
And so on, then I took a shower,
And cum forth, a sweet smelling
flower.

A kore of doctors viewed me,
wateing,

My neckked thinness kontemplating.
One of them thumped my ribs and
sed,

"S'matter, kid, are you underfed?",
And he made me mutter "Ninety-
nine",

Az his hand run jagged down my
spine.

The next one, with a eer trumpet,
Lissened at my hart and thumped it.
The cold steel next my beeting
skin

Waz like the jab of a safety pin.
My goose flesh roze twice normal
size,

And that doktor seemed to be
all ize.

He sez, "Left Pulmennerry nerviss,"

And pushed me off. Twuz speedey serviss.

The next one jammed me in the jaw,
(Which reminded me of deer old paw).

"Open your mouth, stick out your tongue,"

These words to me he harshly flung.

In my throat a spoon he poked about,
And sed, "Those tonsells must cum out."

I thot as how I'd done no wrong,
And then he sent me flying along
To a fat man, who did clasp my arm
With sum skweezers, and with grate alarm

I saw the flesh bulge out and kwiver,
Which made me week down in my liver.

Next they made me bend way over,
Like playing Leep Frog in the clover,
I hoaped the fat dock wudn't fall
On me, but twuzn't that at all.
Insted he made me close my eers,
Then whispered faint, "How many beers?"

At leest twuz this in my beleef,
But they laffed and sed that I waz deaf.

Next they brot me a bag of wool,
Which waz with kolored yarnings full.

I picked up one I thot wuz red
But twuz vermullin, so they sed.
And then I hopped on my big toe,
Just to show how fast I cud go.
I hopped to the wall and then
hopped back

And I thot my toe wud surely crack.
I waz a reel esthettick site
Like Afroditee, Kween of Nite.
And then they wayed me. I surmize
I'd lost ten pounds frum that
exercize.

But they all confurred and all agreed
That I cud ride a broke down steed,
And so, before they changed their
mind,

I grabbed what cloathes as I cud find,
And hollered, after I made my vow,
"Hooray, I'm in the armee now."
So long, dere dierry, I will write
In you agen sum other nite.

PNEUMONIA POINT

May 31-

Dere dierry, I'm in kakky now,
And have took my final oath and
vow.

On Wensday we cum on a bote
To Angle-Iland. Feer and hope
Waz mingled in our beeting blud,
As we herd the steamer's enjuns'
thud.

A multitood waz on the decks,
And all waz of the maskilline sex.
We waz herded on this bote like
kattle

And we felt the thrill of going to
battle.

But when Angle-Iland hove in view,
A homesick feeling in me grew.
Thouzands waz there, all Raw
Rekroots,

Most of them in civillian soots.
We waz drove to the Receeving
stashun

To tell our age and last vocashun,
Then we waz drove to the big Mess
Hall,

Where a meel waz swallowed down
by all.

And then they made us take a
shower,

And stand in the cold wind haff a
hour.

I shiverred and shook in ev'ry joint,
When the Sargent sez, "Pnoomonia
Point."

On we waz drove a mile or two,
Twaz cold, no vegettashun grew.
But suddinly at the foot of a hill,
A lot of tents did rize and fill
The landscape. "Ah", to myself
I sed,

"Perhaps they'll let us go to bed."
But first they parselled the blankets
out,

Which took two hours. We stood
about,

Chattering our teeth, huddled to-
gether,

Beeing az it waz such freezing
wether.

And then we skrambled for thoze
tents,

The flock of skramblers waz so
dense,

I got the last tent down the hill,
Where the oshun did its wavelets
spill.

Five of us enterred this flapping
place,

And a hideous grin cum on eech
face

When we saw grate piles of grit
and dust

On our bed tiks. O I almost cussed!
And then an unkind sargent

hollered,
"Get fresh straw for your tiks,"
I follered

The crowd. We climed a grate
long hill,

And with wet straw did our bed
tiks fill.

Fin'lly we got back to the tent,
Having two hours and a kwarter
spent

In feeding bed tiks. O I aked!
And my body waz with sand doons
caked,

Which filled my eers, my throat,
my noze,

And sifted way down to my toes.

At last I entered my bed of down
With my cloathes on, for my new
nite gown
Waz lost in a sand doon. Down I
laid
And nachur's call to rest obeyed.
But alas! the noizes of the nite
Waz many, slumber took her flite,
And I laid in the dark a-shivering,
Bloody othes in my tik delivering.
The wind cum howling under my
tent,
It waz a fearful nite I spent.
The tent did creek and groan and
rock
Till I thot the wind wud shurely
knock
It over. There I grimly lay,
Too skeart to move, too skeart to
pray.
In the next bed tik, sumbody snored,
Far and nere the rumblings roared.
Sweet sleep left me and ne'er
returned,

Only a madness in me burned.
At half past four, when all waz
still,
A bugle blew from off the hill.
I got up, stiff in ev'ry joint,
Frum having bin on Pnoomonias
Point.

* * * *

To-day they giv us our ekwipment
Out of a seckund handed shipment.
My blowze waz bilt for Prezident
Tafft,
Even the Q. M. Sargent laffed.
Altho' my waste is twenty-aite,
An undiskrimminating fate
Handed me pants size forty-four,
They sed they hadn't enny more.
Also my leggins and my shoes
Iz enuff to give a feller the blues.
Next time I write, I'll be more
cheery,
At present I am awful weery.



IN QUARANTINE

June 10.

Dere dierry, we cum last Saterrrday
To our army post in Monteray.

I'm getting used to looking so big
In this everlasting army rig.

But my hat high on my hed doze set
Like a bunyon, sense I got it wet.
Tiz that which fusses me the most,
And makes me look like Hamlet's
ghoast.

I've developped a good appytite,
And I allus look a ravennus site,
Seeing az my army blowze hangs
loose,

And gapping like a kalaboose.
They've put us here in kwarantene
Out in sum tents, where kwite
unseen,

We're lerning how to do Rite Face,
And turn within a narrow space.

At midnite, sleeping hevvely,
The bugle blows for Revilly,
And we haff to run out in the frost,
And they call the roll to see who's
lost,

And eech fellow doze his elbow jut
Into the next guy's empty gut.

When this iz done it iz a sine
That there iz a horrizontel line.
Revilly throo', we grab our mess-
kits

For our otemeel and our soggy
biskits.

They slam it on the plate to-gether,
And it tastes just like dilooted
lether.

Altho' the taste of it iz pore,
I gobbel it up and go for more.
After brekfust, two hours iz spent

In "poleecing up" around the tent.
To "poleece up" means to walk
bent over,

Like hunting for a fore-leef klover,
And pick up all the cigarret butts,
Lying within the grooves and ruts.
To-day the Sargent blew his
whissel,

Which pricks just like a thorny
thissel,

And, when we'd poked eech others'
guts,

He hollers loud: "Which of you
muts

Haz bin to kollidge? Anser kwick!"
With feverish joy I most grew sick.
Eeger to show my higher knollidge,
I up and piped, "I've bin to
kollidge."

The Sargent sneered, "You are the
man,

Go and empty the garbidge can."
However I beet the rest at drill,
And think I cud a Germun kill.

My tentmates are a splendid groop,
Well fitted for a Kalvery troop.
Bill 'Ammon waz a chariott racer
In Wringling's. He can ride a
pacer

Of enny kind. Then there's Sour
Sam,

Who says that he don't giv' a damm
For enny hoss or man or gun,
For he punched cows at Bloody
Run.

And there's Jim Mahooney tended
bar

In Okeland at a place not far

From where we useter go to kollidge,
Of hiz cokktails I hav' had sum
knollidge.

We are a hardy, sturdy krew,

For the Germuns we will trubble
brew.

Goodby, dere dierry, tatoo's blown,
And I must lie me down and moan.



TUCKER GETS A BATH

June 12.

Dere dierry, I've bin vaxxinated,
My arm is shure illuminated,
Its purpel and its swole and sore,
And they're going to do it two
times more.

O the suffring I've underwent!
O the painful hours I've spent!
All bekawze of that prikkly scratch,
At the time I reely didn't attach
Much importance to that needle's
bite,

But now as I look at what a site
My arm iz, az I feel the throbbing,
Az I watch my mussels kwivvering,
bobbing

In anguish, I feel full convickshun
That small things can cawze lots
of frickshun.

That needle haz a fever started,
Also my brekfust haz departed.
My throat iz sore, my feet have
chills,

And rumblings my inteerior fills.
I'm writing this with my left hand,
That's why my letters drunken
stand.

Now I must tell (and I aint
joshing)

How Tucker got a sure-enuff wash-
ing.

Tucker's the laziest hound on erth,
And he's ornery and he izn't worth
The beens he eats. (Lord! he
can stuff,

Fore helpings and that aint enuff).
Pore Tucker hails from Arkinnsaw,
Where they drafted him to go to
wah.

This kweer bird iz seven feet tall,

But he'z teerful like he's going to
bawl,

And his mouth hangs open like
a kazm,

He's a ignerrent hunk of proto-
plazm.

He aint got a thimbelful of branes,
And he's allus groanin' 'bout his
pains.

When they pick him for a work
detail,

He'z allus there with his rhoomatiz
wail.

But the wurst thing 'bout this
hayseed roob

Iz that the everlasting boob
Don't harken to the water's call,
So when he into bed doze krawl
At nite the oder iz so awful,
We decided az it wazn't lawful
For us to suffer while he snored,
So we appointed a judgment board.
At furst we waz patient, verry
nice,

We went to Tucker and warned
him twice

To rinse himself in soap and
water

Just like a human beeing otter.
But he plumb forgot our good
advice,

And so he had to pay the price.
We waked him frum a gurgling
slumber,

And moved him like a piece of
lumber

Out to the shower room in the
nite,

The Sargent sed it waz all rite.

Pore Tucker knew he had met his
doom
When we pushed him in the shower
room.
He howled and kicked and yelled
in frite,
But we waz firm and held on tite.
And there in spite of Tucker's
wrath,
We giv' him a *honest-to-goodness*
bath.
We stuck him in that icy shower,
And held him in it over a hour.
Pore Tucker gasped and lost his
breth,

And thot he'd met hiz certain
deth.
We brot him to with a skrubbing
brush
And made hiz tuff hide bloom and
blush.
When we got throo' he smelled
reel sweet,
He wud hav pleezed the most eleet.
But hiz skin, tho pink, iz raw and
tender
Frum the bathing that we had to
render.
Goodby, my hand doze kramp
me so,
I just can't move it to and fro.

THE PIPES OF PAN

June 18.

Dere dierry, the Y. M. C. A.
Arranged to hav a littel play
Last nite inside the army chappel,
Also they give us eech a appel
At the doreway. Twaz a reel nice
show,
And put us all in a frendly glow.
Furst sumbody rendered a hymm,
Which made my eyes with teers
to swim.
And then my hairs on end did raze
As "China and its Waterwayze"
Was thrown before us on the
skreen,
The thrillingest pitcher I hav seen.
And then sum guy in a skweekey
voice
Spoke on "Christiannity's Choice".
He raved and ranted and told as
how
We must keep clean to win this
row.
I thot az how we had done our bit
In skrubbing Tucker to make
him fit.
And then a fat lady cum and sung,
Our harts in sympethy waz wrung.
*"O tell my daddy, wont he pleze
take care,
For his baby prays at twilight
For her daddy over there."*
When she got throo we klapped so
loud,
Agen she cum before the krowd,
And rendered "Sweet Little
Buttercup",
Our soals the sweet sounds gobbled
up.

And tho' the applawze did most
die down,
Six more she sung in her evening
gown,
A look of eckstacy on her face,
Her arms stretched outward in
embrace.
And then the biggest akt of enny
Waz pulled to thrill the soals
of many.
They called this skit, "The Pipes
of Pan,"
And when the curtin roze, to
a man
We gasped and bulged our eyes
to see
This tale of woodland eckstacy.
"Pan" waz a lady six feet tall
Who waz hopping to the wood-
land's call.
Her skinny limms waz clad in tites
Az she hopped among the elves
and sprites.
The tites waz pink and Pan did run
Madly around the wood in her fun.
In her hands she clasped a hot
water bottle
Held to her mouth as if to throttle
Its music, and her fingers played
In harmony as her body swayed.
She hopped, she leeped, she jumped,
she ran,
And we waz brethless to a man.
Her body wud bow down to the
ground,
And then she'd mount by a leep
and bound
Up to where the dogberries hung,
And the hot water bottle sizzled
and sung.

Eech limm' did kwivver as she
 roze,
Showing the kontours of her hoze,
But once as at the trees she did
 rush
An auddible rip did bring a hush.
And then another object ran,
It waz the left tite of poor Pan.
It ran from her hip down to
 her toe,
Then up the hill agen did go.
It ran until the men burst out
In cheering and a thunderous
 shout.

And Pan waz so tremendus
 pleezed
That her art had thus the
 awedience seezed,
She cum back and she danced
 agen,
Which cawzed a uproar among
 the men.
We went home laffing at pore
 Pan,
Thinking of how her stocking ran.
Goodby, dere dierry, I must go,
I think I hear the mess call blow.



JOHNNIE'S FIRST RIDE

June 24.

Dere dierry, let fuchur ages reed
Of how I rode a prancing steed.
This morning the Captain did
decide

"You men must go for a hoss-
back ride."

My teeth did rattle at this news,
My soal waz dampened by the
blues,

My hart waz still and filled with
gloom,

Az I thot of my impending doom.
I waz so week I waz hardly abel
To clime that long hill to the stabel.
But up we dragged with silent tred,
Up to the stabel, sickened with
dred.

I glimpsed those hosses with bated
breth,

Beeing az I waz skeart to deth.
The Sargent, seein' me standing
about,

Razed his voice in a terribul shout,
"You dammed numskullion, get
you a hoss,"

I thot he needn't hav bin so cross.
Dutifully I went to obtain

A hoss what had a yellow mane,
Which hoss did eye me kwizzickley,
Whereby I weekened fizzickely.

I gingerly stepped to reech its hed
And in a gentle whisper sed,
"Nice hossie, pleze don't be
afraid,"

And then on its back the saddle
laid.

But the hoss kicked up a wicked
heel,

Whereby my blud did most congeel,
And shook the saddle offen hiz hide

And walked away. The Sargent's
stride

Cum lumbering tord me. I did
shrink,

"You rookies wud drive the Lord
to drink,"

He thundered, and then he loudly
swore,

"You had that saddle on hind
part fore."

I didn't defend myself, but grinned
Reel sheepish that I thus had
sinned.

The Sargent, who's reely kind at
hart,

Fixed the hoss and giv me a start.
My foot in the sterrups, I jumped
with eeze

Into the saddle, my reins did seeze.
I waz so excited I hollered "Whoa",
Tho the Captin had giv the word
to go.

But the Sargent sed, "Giddap,
giddap!"

And giv my charger a awful slap
On the South end of his torso,
where

The tail frisks blithely in the air.
And then we waz off in a cloud
of dust,

I thot, "O God, in you I trust!"
I clutched the reins with a frenzied
smile,

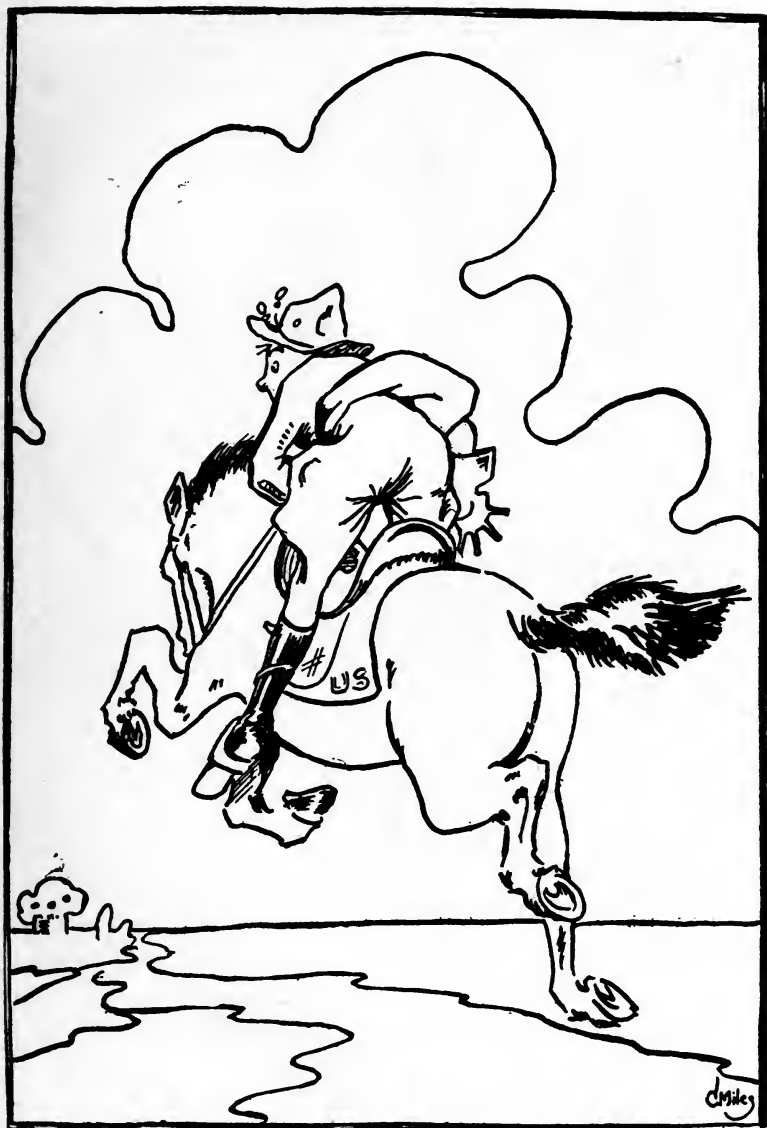
My body thrown skyward all the
while,

My hoss waz frisky and liked to go,
Twaz all rite, but it josselled so.
I lost my faith in bit and rein
And hung on tite to the yellow
mane.

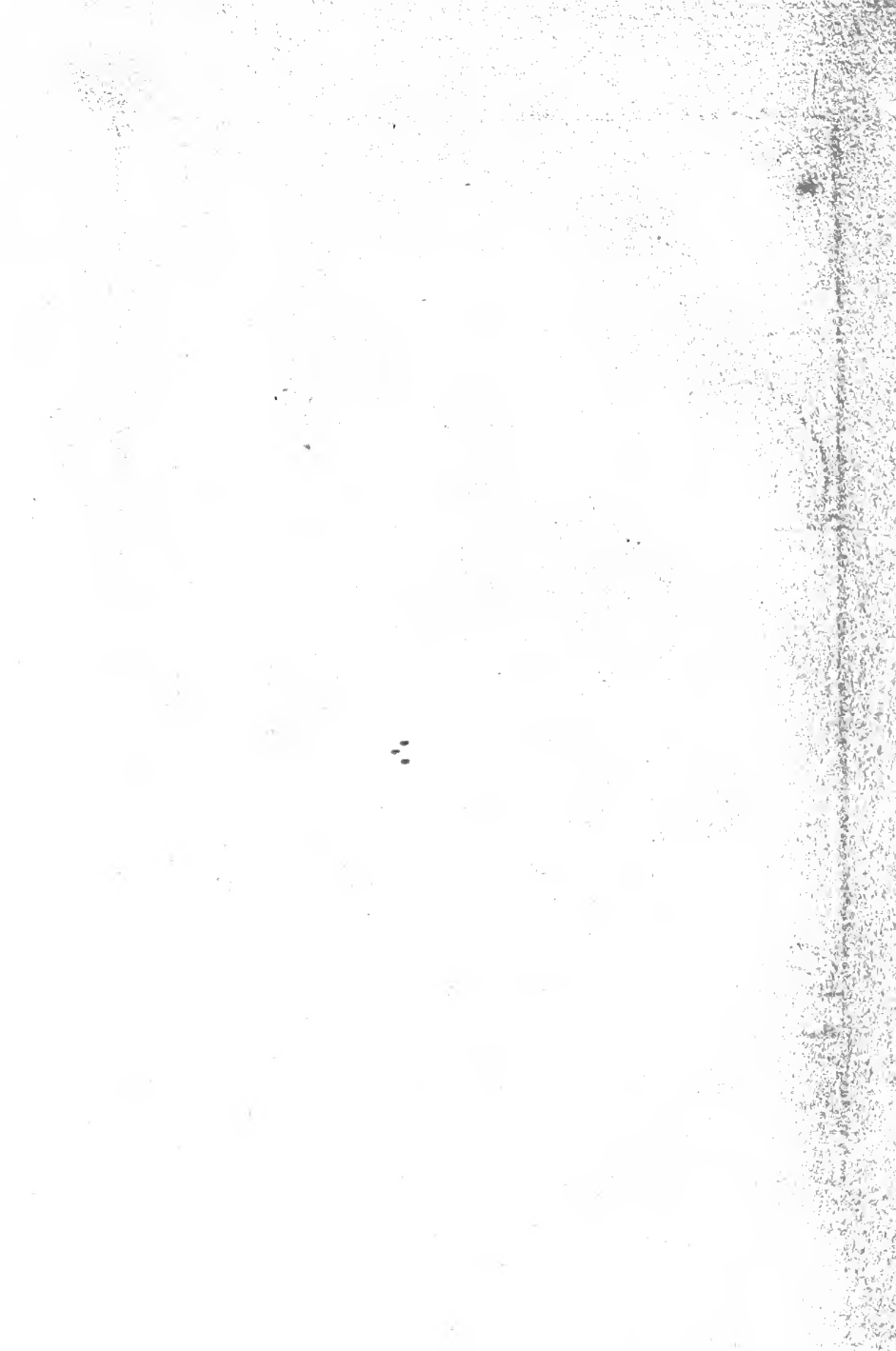
Over the hills and pinewood trails,

Nachur waz bursting. But bewty
 fails
 In a moment of such dire distress
 To stir my soal to its loveliness.
 Once my charger pricked up his
 eers,
 I sed, "Pleeze, hoss, don't hav no
 feers."
 And I gently stroked his eers
 and neck,
 But his tossing hed sum foam
 did fleck
 Into my anxious eyes and face,
 And then we started forth on
 a race.
 My hart froze up, to the mane
 I hung,
 Az over the mountain trails we
 flung,
 Hoss and rider in maddened flite,
 We soon left the others out of site.
 We jumped the ravines, tore throo'
 the trees,
 Snorting out flame az we cut
 the breeze.
 I roze like the billow of a wave,
 And hoped that the Lord my
 soal wud save.
 Sumtimes the saddle and me
 wud meet,
 But offenest I waz up six feet
 In the sky, clutching that hosses
 hair,
 And jabbering at a feeblul prayer.
 But even when praying I felt
 the pain
 Of having to hit the saddel
 again,
 And I wished that it had cum
 to mind
 To tie a pillow on behind.
 Fin'lly we reeched a big, round
 ring,

'Twas the Bull Pen, which did
 horror bring.
 My hoss from habit made for
 a hurdle,
 And my blud begun to churn
 and curdel.
 I knew my doom had cum at last,
 But still I prayed and held on fast.
 My hoss made a run and roze
 on high
 And tossed me off into the sky.
 Nine days like Lucifer I fell
 Before I reeched the Port of Hell.
 Later my lifeless carkass they
 found
 In a krumpled heep upon the
 ground.
 But I'm revived now, sitting on
 pillows,
 Thinking of how I roze on billows.
 Az a Kalverry trooper, I'm the
 bunk,
 But the Captin sed I showed
 sum spunk.
 He also added with a snicker,
 "For a small guy, you can bounce
 lots kwicker
 Than a can of Baked Beens on
 the fire,
 Furthermore you bounce lots
 higher
 Than a geyzer in its fullest
 ackshun,"
 And so I am a grate attrackshun
 In the Orderly Room. But still
 my hide
 Iz a blistered mass from that hoss
 back ride.
 I gess I'm laid up for a week,
 But will no more of my trubbel
 speek.
 Goodby, until my sore spots heel,
 I'll write agen when I normel feel.



*"I wisht that it had cum to mind
To tie a pillow on behind."*



AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE COLONEL

June 27.

Dere dierry, I am feeling better.
This morning I receeved a swetter
From one of the nineteen I adore,
It sed "To My Hero." Nothing
more

This packedge's woolley folds did
fill,

Altho' I looked for a dollar bill
Tucked away in a nook sumwhere
To surprize me, taken unaware.
Also she dozen't seem to rekall
My phyzziogmany at all,
Or else she thot I'd grown much
fatter,

At enny rate it dozen't matter.
Altho the swetter dozen't fit,
Still I shall keep it, sense twaz
gnit

By her. Besides at nite I can
spred

It like a blanket on my bed.

The Captin took a shine to me,
Sence my horseback riding he
did see,

And so the Troop Clerk's job
desended

On me and all my trubbels ended.
They made me a Sargent yesterday,
Eight dollars more I'll get for my
pay.

The Captin also made me the boss
Of a nice and gentle lady-hoss
Named Delpheen cause its mane
iz red,

All my feers and trubbels haz fled.
But still, altho I rank so high,
One of the Kernels riding by
Did stop and in an angry burst

Told me I must salute him furst.
I havn't had time to verify
His statement, but I wonder why
Tucker, who carries the bags
of mail,

Only a ornery Private, did fail
To salute *me* az I husselled by,
I gess I'll lern the reezon why.
Dissiplin iz a splendid way
To make these Privates lern to
obey.

This morning *I* went for the mail,
Seeing as Tucker did weep and
wail

Bekawze his littel finger hurt,
And so I anserred up reel curt,
"You big slob, take another bath,"
And then I walked off, white
with wrath.

A purty gurl handels the mail,
And so I lingerred to tell the tale
Of how my Sargent's stripes
I'd won,

And how I didn't salute *no one*,
Not even the Kernel, 'less I
wanted,

And as to her these tales I
flaunted,

She sed, "There cums the Kernel
now,"

My couradge seemed to leeve
sumhow.

I grabbed the letters and left
in haste,

Thinking as how no time I'd waste,
For enny spot becums infernal
As soon as there arrives a
Kernel.

But out in front where all
 mite see
This Kernel run rite into me.
When I waz waving to that dame,
The impact of our bodies came.
The Kernel drew up to his hite,
He was a stern and outraged site.
We stood there in two feet of
 space
And eyed eech other face to face.
And then, tho my anger burned
 like fire,
I thot az how this man ranked
 higher,
And hassened to salute him furst,
And the string what held the
 letters burst.

They fell and scattered ev'rywhere,
The Kernel moved on with
 pashunt air,
And I stooped down and tore my
 britches,
Picking up mail from gutter and
 ditches.
And not far away that dame did
 giggle,
Sum day I'll make that Kernel
 riggle!
Dere dierry, this subjick pains
 me so,
No longer can I make words
 to flow.



THE DREADED SOFA

July 9.

Dere dierry, a lady what lives in
town
Invited sum Troopers to cum
down
To a party which she giv last
nite.
Her parler waz a brilliant site.
All of the belles in town waz
there,
And sum what had no bewty
to spare.
There waz three more homely
than the rest,
One of the three beeing flat
of chest,
Another looking like a balloon,
A third whoze hair had left too
soon.
They made for the sofy rite
away,
And there they sat till the brake
of day,
Wateing, wateing in dredful
suspense,
Wateing with bodies uprite and
tense,
Hoping 'gainst hope that by sum
chance
Somewun wud cum and ask them
to dance,
Hoping, groping, staring, saying
Things beneath their breth and
praying
That God wud send sum man at
last.
Thus the endless hours passed.
They sat there, graven images.
Stone

Had petrified them bone by bone.
They sat like sentinels of the nite
To gard that sofy with their mite.
They sat and never spoke a word,
And yet their inmost thots we herd.
They reminded me of pore Lot's
wife,
Who turned to salt in the prime
of life.
Their eyes did, glassy, bulge and
bulge,
And all of the tragedy did divulge.
It stirred my pity, it touched my
hart
To see nobody taking their part.
Their mizerry did move me so,
I went to alleviate their woe.
To the sofy I did thus advance,
Eech looked up with a appealing
glance.
I hurriedly sed, "Tit, tat, toe,
One, two, three, and out you go."
The big balloon fell to my lot,
Who waz deeply rooted to the spot.
But fin'lly I got her frame in
ackshun,
Her smile showed evvident satis-
fackshun.
Disappointed, in utter gloom,
The others sank back to their
doom.
My buxsom pardner and I set out
Midst many a cheer, many a shout.
In billows the lady's arms aroze
Like a country pump what haz
bin froze.
We went off in a whirl of skirts,
I thot, "Lord, how my left korn
hurts!"

Just then the monster stepped
on it,
I had to clench my teeth and grit
To keep back the skorching tears.
We dashed
Around the room. Peepul waz
mashed
Into closets and corners ev'ry-
where,
And I waz in desperret need
of air.
Buckets of perspiration came,
She sed the wether waz to blame.
Thus we waddled like senseless
fools,
Turning 'round like gyrratting
spools.
After a hour the enkores stopped,
My animated oktopus flopped
Back on the sofy, damp but
beeming,
And the other two sat sourly
skeeming.
I, with a sickly kweer smile, -
Went to rest for a little while.
But the jellosee on other faces
Brot back my mind from dreemy
spaces,
And I returned for the Flat One.
She
Smiled sweetly and with faith
at me.
She was so stiff from where
she'd sat,
She only had one move down pat.
Twaz a sideward movement and
we went
Like a comet with its fury spent.
It waz a slow, a lingering glide,
And when our steps didn't coin-
cide,
I stopped and let her take new aim,

While she told me of her dansing
fame.
Whenever a wall did stop us.
Then
We wud turn and go back home
agen.
'Tho twaz a tag dance none cum
rushing
To steel away this sweet and
blushing
Spinster. Even a dollar bill
Failed to loosen their obstinnet
will.
I dangled that dollar bill and
prayed
But none waz by my bribery
swayed.
Men what exist on a Private's pay
Did turn their heds and look away.
Fin'lly the muzick pawzed. Before
They cud begin another enkore,
I sed, "Excuze me, I must go,
My lower limms iz aking so."
And then I hid for a hour or two,
Until my sense of duty grew
Again, and then once more
returned,
And lo! I with excitement burned.
The hairless one dessended the
stair
With hat on and a going air.
I thot twaz safe her joy to
enhance,
And sed, "I'm sorry we missed
our dance."
Immediately my mind did wake
To the tragedy of my mistake.
With one wild move she took
her hat
And placed it where so long
she'd sat,
And floated in my arms and trod
Where my bursting corns did
ake and throb.



*"I hurriedly sed, 'Tit, tat, toe,
One, two, three, and out you go."*

She lumbered in a grim content,
And talked a blue streak az if
 she ment
To make up for the silent hours
In which she sat on the pillowey
 bowers.

Also with her I isecreem ate,
The victim of a onkind fate,
And when the morning hours cum,
I had to cart all three to hum.
Goodby, dere dierry, I can say,
I am a wizer yooth to-day.



JOHNNIE STANDS AT ATTENTION

July 16.

Dere dierry, Delpheen's verry nice,
So far she's only kicked me twice.
Her excentriccities I hav lerned,
She's touchy whère her feet are
concerned.

This first I lerned the other day,
It cum in a onexpected way.

Az I waz kurying her after a
ride,
Skraping the mud from offen her
hide,

I also desided to clean her feet,
Which didn't my approval meet.
But she wudn't budge her left
hind hoof,

And I had to offer a reproof.
I slapped her with the Kurry kome
In a tender spot where the horse-
flies rome.

And then that left hind hoof
did rize,

And attained abnormel force and
size.

Konvulsively it met my face
And sent me backward kwite
a space.

The doktor has had to take a tuck
Where Delpheen's hind hoof roze
and struck.

And on the Sick Book I did go,
Which waz to me a awful blow.
To-day I waz on my feet agen,
And went to the stabels with
the men.

Delpheen wated in mute appeeling,
I went to say I held no hard
feeling,

But my purpose waz misunder-
stood,

That same hoof flew az far az
it cud,

And hit my knee a awful crack,
So many stars cum, I lost track.
This afternoon my time iz free,
Bekawze of this welt upon my knee.
And so I'm doing personal things,
Which allus satisfaction brings.
I washed my soot of underwear
And my other pare of sox with
care.

It's getting to be a barracks joke,
Whenever my underwear I soak,
I shiver without enny cover,
Az o'er the spigguts I do huvver.
And while its hanging up to dry,
I haff to go on my bunk and lie
Under my swetter for proteckshun.
To-day they had a dammed in-
speckshun.

A fat ole doktor poked in hiz hed,
The man in charge of kwarters
sed,

"Attenshun!" so I had to rize,
My form a-shivering before hiz
eyes.

Ole Stuffums never sed "At Eze,"
And so I stood with stiffened
kneez,

And neether did he holler "Rest",
Which iz the order I love best.
So I stood neckked at attenshun,
The doktor evry'where did
menshun

That the shoos waz turned the
oppoaset way

From what he had ordered
yesterday,
That the flore waz bad in need
of skrubbing.
That the dore nobbs still cud stand
sum rubbing,
All this while out of a window
crack
A chilly breeze did hit my back.
I shivvered, but I stood my post,
The doktor beeing still engrossed
Telling how the blankets shud fold,
While I waz catching my deth of
cold,
Rubbing hiz finger where rub he
must,
Then holding it up to view the dust.

With a final leckshure he out did
flop,
Az I waz reeling, reddy to drop.
And at the dore with a skeptickle
wheeze,
He turned and pawzed, then sed,
"At Eze."
Goodbye, dere dierry, I still can
laff,
Tho' I rigid stood an hour and a
haff,
Tho I've got a welt upon my knee,
And a stich within my face you see,
Tho my underwear's not dry
enuff,
And a terribul cold my hed doze
stuff.

BOUND FOR ARKANSAW

July 20.

Dere dierry, I'm aboard the train,
I'll nevver see the Kalverry agen,
I'm going to be a doe-boy now
And get rite in the thick of the row.
I'm bound for Camp Pike,

Arkinnsaw,
When Tucker herd this he hollered
"Law,
You'll be rite neer to Pappy's
farm,"

Which filled me with a grate alarm.
The reezon for this suddin move
Iz that the Captain wants me to
prove

My rite to wear sum shiney bars
Az well as the grim and homely
skars

What Delpheen giv me. So I'm
bound

For where the Arkinnsaw River's
found.

Six the Genrul Order did rule
Shud go to the Ossifers' Training
Skule.

We six are bound on a fast express
To the Centrul Infuntry O. T. S.
I sent Delpheen my last farewell
By proxy, so I'm sound and well.
Tucker shed bitter tears when I
left,

Beeing of hiz cheef tormentor
bereft.

The Captain giv my hand a skweeze,
I shook with emoshun at my kneez.
Old Monteray iz of the past,
To Arkinnsaw we're flying fast.
This sleeper iz a stuffy place,
We're living in two feet of space.

The six of us only have two
seckshuns.

We sleep heeped up in all
direckshuns.

And o its hot! I glissen with swet,
My underware is ringing wet.

We're crossing Arizony now,
It don't appeal to me sumhow.
We stopped at a place called Indio,
Three peepul liv in its furniss glow.
A fat lady cross the ile gasped,

"Well,
Thoze creetures 'll be prepared for
Hell."

Pore lady! she suffers frum the
heet,

Haff of the time she's stuck to
her seet.

She gasps in fluds of perspirashun,
Calling the heroes of the nashun
To move her evry hour or two.
As we pull we hear the ripping
gloo.

Pore thing! she haz a upper berth,
In which we hoist her up with
mirth.

It takes all six of us a hour
To raze her with our cumbined
power.

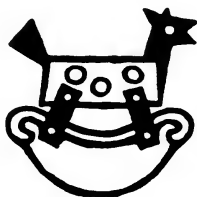
And in the morning she has to
dessend,

Three of us helping at eech end.
A thin old maid iz also along,
Who thinks the world is doing her
wrong.

Last nite she lost her green silk
waste,
And up and down the ile she's
paced,

Looking throo evrybody's clothes,
A grate big teerdrop on her noze.
And always in her serchin mission,
She seems to view me with
suspicion,
And lingers over my barracks bag,
But I haint took her old green rag.

Whew! the fat lady's beckoning
to me,
So I'll cloze this dere old dierry.
And here I'll end my Kalverry
story,
For I'm on my way to win new
glory.



HERE BEGIN

Johnnie's Letters Home

Which tell of things which happened
on the campus of the Univer-
sity of California





*"Woof of the Floo is most afeard,
And covers his whole face and his beard
With a Turkish towel"*

THE FLOO MASK

Dere fokes, I'm garding 'genst
the Floo,
Wich all good paytriotts otta do,
Since there be such a eppidummick
It makes me sick down in my
stummick
To think of all what are feeling
low
With the Floo. O I nawziated grow,
And wear my Floo mask on my
eer
Because I am so full of fear.
There iz a order that everybody
Must wear a Floo mask, and 'tis
a study
In Humannachur to see the places
Where masks are hung on people's
faces.
Some I have seen upon the nose,
Some on the place where whiskers
grows,
Some on the eers, some on the
neck
Some on the hairs above, by heck.
Four on the place where wimmin
smile,
Some on their i-brows, onst in
a while.
One found a place on a wooman's
hat,
And among the birds and feathers
sat.
A feemale friend of mine told me
As how on Toosday she did see
Her prof. use his as a hankercheef
And now she says she'd just as lief.
And as for the Floo masks shape
and size,
Some peepke are astonishing wise.

The fat wimmin what are short
of breth
Are taking no chances of their deth
From windpipe stoppage so they
grin
Real sweet with warmers on their
chin.
One prof, with asma has made slits
In his, throo which he breethes
and spits.
And all the Channing Greeker
vamps,
Have purchased tiny postage stamps
Of Crape-de-sheen, small pinkish
dots
Which they stick on like bewty
spots.
Woof of the Floo is most afeard
And covers his whole face and
his BEARD
With a Turkish towel to keep away
The germs while he searches all
the day
For the sixth dimension, and I herd
Of another ancient mildood bird
What uses a washrag, cool and
sweet
To his chin what has the prickly
heet.
Floo Masks have their good
points, too,
Of which I'll enoomerate a few.
They mingle on an equal basis
All feemales, no matter what their
faces.
Vampires and pelicans, all alike,
Through the campus byways you
must hike.

And all the fellows' mustaches
are hid,
(Of this newsance, I am glad
we're rid).
One prof. I know with a squeeky
voice
Has a class what wears these
masks by choice.
Beecause they thus can safely
shriek,
And laff at each new funny
squeek.
Also behind them we can gap,
And nobody then can care a rap.
And if the masks are big enuff,

One can chew gum and pinch
his snuff
And sleep with safety and eat
a bit
And think a lot of obseen wit.
O fokes, this is a funny erth,
Into which you have give me birth,
We go around like muzzled dogs,
And snort and breathe and act
like hogs.
O I look up to Parrydise
Where peepul breathe and all
iz nice.
Goodby, dere family, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Efectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

JINRICKSHAWS

Dere fokes, Im sorry I forgot
To write last nite, but I was not
In enny fit condition then
To try to juggle with a pen.
And so I thot I'd let it go
Hoping that you wud never knoe
The cirkumstances, but I feel
Az now around the room I reel
That you shud knoe how I did fall
From grace by ansering Browzie's
call.

On Satterday I to Okeland went
And fifty cents on likker spent
In "the Forum" (not a magazine,
Nor a Greecyan market where
men kween)

But a simpul restroom with a bar,
From which the Play Fiddles keep
kwite far.

Hither I went with a reg'lar hound,
A feller who cud be most drown'd
In beer and still walk fast and
strate,

But such, alas, waz not my fate.
We stuck our feet upon the rail
And I knew now I cudn't kwait.
He sez, "A slow-jinrikkishaw,"
I sez, "A fast one, pleze" and saw
A look of awe creep over his
face,

And so I sez "Let's have a race,
To see which one can drink the
most"

Wherefore he sed, "Great Ceezar's
goast!"

The race begun, I flopped down
mine

Into my stommick and sed
"Fine,"

Another and my eyes shone
briter,

A third and now my belt was
titer,

The fourth spilt partly on the flore,
But I sez, "Ozwald, bring on
more."

And soon my stommick prickkled
sum

And things within my hed did
hum.

I felt reel gay and laffed and
laffed

Az more jinrikkishaws I kwaffed.
Fin'lly my frend says "Let's go
home,

You're getting foolish in your
dome."

'Twaz eezier sed than dun be-
kawze

I'd drunk those fast jin-rikki-
shaws.

But I on the strete car fin'lly lit,
And had a kweer dezire to spit
On the lady's shoe rite next to me,
And so I did in order to see
How kuick it wud evaporate,
But she got mad and didn't wate.
Going home my hed went round
in whirls,

My hair waz falling in long curls
Around my nees and it did seem,
Az if a Orriental dreem
Waz waying down my mind.

My legs
Reminded me of beer kegs
And my arms waz waiving up
and down

Throo' the kwiet streets of Berke-
ley town.

Home I arove and went to bed
And placed my washrag on my
hed.

Todae my hed still akes, and, maw,

I dont krave enny jinrickkishaw.

Goodby, and say a prayer for me

Eech time I go upon a Sprea.

Forgive me, family, every wun,

I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.



SUSPENDERS AND TEA FIGHTS

Dere fokes, my hed is popping full
Of things to tell you, so the bull
I'm going to sling you. 'Twas
a weke
Which did with dizzy payshun
reke.
On Friday p. m. first I went
To the 'Tater house and there
I spent
Ten minutes going down the row
Where all the young pertaters
grow.
They beemed on me and I beemed,
too,
And in my brest a feeling grew
Of friendship for each Freshman
'Tater,
Eech one of whom I shall kween
later.
Sum dame brot me sum skwashy
kake,
I took it for politeness sake.
Another dame rushed up behind
To skair me, and befuddled my
mind
So much I dropped my gnawed-at
kake
On the flore. It spread out like
a lake.
And so I went to the Skrapper
house
And entered silent like a mouse.
The sisters waz elaborrate dressed,
And made a hit on eech new
gest,
Eech feemale seemed to talk at
once,
But the men did only issue grunts,
And, ill at eeze, each stood around

Trying to be a tee-fite hound.
The crowds waz thick. I slowly
plodded
Till I cum to where the Fresh-
men nodded.
Sum had bewty and sum had wit,
But all of them waz fizzickly fit.
They nodded me by with utmost
haste
And life seemed a dim and dreery
waste.
But a reel nice upperclassman
cum
And smiled and made me feel
to hum.
Two cups of coffee was giv to me,
I balanced one upon eech knee,
And held the ice kreem on eech
arm
And prayed I wuldn't cum to
harm.
I waz in peril, I'll admit,
Az I on the Scrapper flore did sit.
And still the granjur brot a thrill,
Az I on the wholesum food did
fill.
That nite the Devlish Annas
danced
And I on their institoot advanced,
And had a fine time shimmying
there,
My dame and I waz a skittish
pair.
'Twaz only once I thot I'd croak
'Twaz when my durned suspenders
broke.
It happened rite out on the flore
There cum a bust, then nothing
more.

My hart stood still and my pants
did sink,
My blud froze up and I tried to
think
Of something to do, but only cold
swet
My forred and cheeks did cum to
wet.
When my pants had fin'lly fell
two feet,
And my B. V. D's. the krowd
did greet,
I cudn't stand it any more

And stumbled wildly 'cross the
flore.
Sum guys cum with a safety pin
And I returned with a sheepish
grin.
Pleze send me kwick another pair
Of suspenders which I need to
wear
This coming weke. Now I must
run.
I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.



PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

Dere fokes, on aite wheels now
I run

And many a plawdit I have won.
I am a graceful earey site
Whirling around in the ded of
nite.

Sadly of Saterrday nite I think,
When we stepped out to the skat-
ing rink.

Ten of us went and only fore
Had ever had on skates before.
However I thot it 'twud be best
To roll forth with a bulging chest,
Az if I was a krafty skater,
But 'twaz an error I lerned later.
The boy strapped on my skates.

I stood
Up stiffly like a block of wood,
Feeling unsteddy and afeard
To move and then sum feemale
cheered

Derizively. I started in
On my mad whirl with a sicken-
ing grin.

I went forth boldly on my flite
Hoping to do well, just from spite.
Six strokes I took and all waz
well,

I'd moved six inches and never
fell.

And then I moved again, kuite
bold,

In a long and graceful sweep
I rolled,

But sumthing happened to the
wheels,

And even now my blud congeels
Az I think of my puzzled, grew-
sum dred

And the way the flore and me
did wed.

One feller with a sick necktie
Of green did see me going by
And laffed and sed with feeble
wit

That in one count the flore I'd
hit.

I'd like to have punched him,
goodness knows,
But pekulyarly I never roze
In time, and he on wheels waz
gone

Like winged Mercury at the
dawn.

Feeling kwite black and blue I
turned

And for a resting place I yerned,
But peepul blocked my ev'ry
way,

And yet it waz onsafe to stay.
Feebly agen I whirling went
Over the miles of rink and spent
Fore hours and a half until I
came

Back to the starting place. My
fame

Roze high in leeps and bounds.
They tell

That "forty-three times Johnnie
fell."

Fin'lly I reechd my friends.
My bones

Waz broozed and aking. Feerful
groans

Aroze from ev'ry joint and
mussel

I'd had a life and deth like tussel.



"My wheels went out from under me."

When a nice bench did hove in
site
I tried to end my maddened flite,
But the blamed wheels kept
agoing. Fear
Agen my kwivering spine did
speer.
I hollered "Look Out, Gangway
Pleze,"
But az this warning I did wheeze,
I hit full blast a feemale party,
Who when I hit her lap said
"Smarty"
And pushed me brootally away,
And chewed her gum in a bullying
way.
One of my dames came to my aid,
But I soon wished that she had
stayed
Away, for az she tottered nere,
The gink with the green necktie
did leer
And racing past, he shoved her
arm,
She reeched for me in great alarm.
My wheels went out frum under
me,

And both of us shiney stars did see.
And so we littered up the flore
And we waz tramped on more
and more
Till fin'lly a clanging bell rung out,
And there waz many a cheer and
shout,
It waz the signal for a race,
And we waz still in that feerful
place
Waiting our deth from flying feet
But soon the gards did kussing
greet
Us and did sweep us off the rink,
To-day my helth iz on the blink.
I never agen shall wheel on
skates,
Unless the Lord my reezon takes,
Goodby, dere family, pray that I
From my bad injerries will not die.
Pleze send me kwick a soft silk
shirt,
So that my broozes will not hurt.
God bless you, family, ev'ry one.
I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE BATHING GIRLS

Dere fokes, my mind with madness
reels,

I push away my hash at meels,
I lie awake for owwers at nite,
I don't enjoy the passing flite
By Wheeler Hall. I'm silent, too,
And skinny, like I had the Floo.
The reezon that I'm so unwell
Iz that I went and saw and fell
For the Bathing Feemales at

the show,
Tiz that which has disturbed me
so.

These bathing girls cum frum the
beech

In order that they here mite teech
Our kolledge ko-eds what to wear
Out in the sun and foam and air.
They've took the kampus by
surprize,

And all—both innosent and wize
Have gone to see, then gone agen,
I'm speeking 'spechully of the men.
I first did go on Fryday nite,
And slinked in filled with timid
frite,

With two other guys who kraved
to see

These Bathing Girls at the T
and D.

The theayter waz pitch black. We
enterred

When all iyes on the stage was
centerred.

Unforchunetlly the first ten rows
Waz filled with eeger kollidge
Joos,

Who'd erly cum to get down nere
(Not to see the pitchurs, I fere),

And so we had to sit back far
But this, however, didn't mar
Our interest in the lovely sites
Goin' on behind the brite foot lites.
We saw sum seats down a long
row

And over the knees begun to go.
We skweezed and pushed and
skwirmed and riggled.

Sum kollidge girls observed and
giggled,

But most of the peepul waz dis-
gusted

That we into their midst had
busted,

And made our entrance so bee-
lated,

And spoiled their view. Hence
we waz hated

By all whoze kneez waz in our
way,

'Twuz many a mean thing they did
say.

My iyes waz so glood on the stage
I tripped akross sum fat "old
age,"

Who groaned and crashed back
in her seet

And rubbed her aking legs and
feet.

Fin'lly we reeched what seemed a
void,

Where no one seemed to be
annoyed.

So we sunk down in grate releef
In the bathing girls to drown our
greef.

But az I sat in the dark chasm,
A lady skreemed and had a spazm

Beneeth me, for I wrong had sat
On a little ole maid who wazn't
fat
Enuff to hold me, so I left,
And beeing of a sitting place be-
reft,
I kneeled down on the dirty flore,
From whence the view waz very
pore.
But still I got a eye-full and
I thot myself in Fairyland.
Those bathing bewties danced
about
(Which brot from the kollidge
men a shout)
And showed their bathing costumes
which
Did offen need a timely stitch,
And the rithum of the human body,
Which iz a fascinating study.

I watched. My eyes popped out
and bulged,
Az their charms the bathing
soots divulged.
I sat until both shows was ended,
And then my homeward way I
wended.
My mind cud hardly think a-tall,
'Twas filled with the bewty of
it all.
On Saterrrday nite again I went,
And four enrapshured owwers
spent.
To-nite 'tiz Visit Number Three
That I'm making to the T and D.
O Bathing Girls, pleze cum to
kollidge
And add to our esthettic Nollidge,
Goodby, dere family, ev'ry one,
I am Your Every Effechunate Son,
JOHNNIE.



AUNT JANE
..

Dere fokes, I'm pretty neer wore
out,
Sense I've becum such a gad-
about.
Last Friday nite twuz cold and
wet
And in the rain I went to get
My danning pardner whose abode
Iz found on a suburban rode
In Alameda. There I went
By street car and two hours wuz
spent
In going. O my bones did ake
From all the jolts the car did take.
When we did reech the end of
the line,
I took it that it must be the sine
For getting off, so in the rain
I started forth to find "Aunt
Jane,"
Who is the guardeen of my dame
When she's in kollidge. Her other
name
I didn't know, so I did hope,
Az in the darkness I did grope,
That I wud find the house all rite
Tho I'd forgot the number. Nite
Closed in about me, dark and wet,
I sed, "I'll think of that number
yet."
But it complete had left my mind
And try as I did, I culdn't find
It more. O I did frantick grow,
Az throo' the wet paths I did go.
And then I remembered she had
sed
In whispers with a cold in her hed,
By telephone, "The house is
shingle,"

With suddint hope my thots did
tingle,
And as I mused, fond memory
brott
Another trezure that I sott.
She'd sed, "The house next dore
is white,"
My emoshun wuz a piteous site.
And so I tried eech shingle home
Next to a white one and did rome
About for sevrel blocks or miles
I gess it wuz. Both frowns and
smiles
Did meet me at each shingle dore
But ignorants and nothing more
Did greet my oft repeated kweery,
Which I did utter, week and
weery,
"Can you pleze tell me if Aunt Jane
Doze live here?" I think that
they insane
Did stamp me. But I persevered
As throo' the lanes my legs I
steered.
There waz one lady, stern and thin,
Who peeked throo' a dore. And
I did grin.
Thinking she must be a old maid,
Becawze she looked so thin and
staid,
I up and sed, "Are you Aunt
Jane?"
She shuddered and shut me out in
in the rain.
Another, a fat man once did cum,
"The wimmin fokes are not to
hum,"
He sed and softly closed the dore,

And there wuz rain and nothing
more.
A bent old woman once appeared
Who looked at me as tho' afeard,
I sed "Perhaps you're Aunt
Jane's maw,"
She sed "I'm a stranger here;"
I saw
That she was skeart of me and
so
Agen in the black nite I did go.
Fin'ly at ten o'clock I found
Aunt Jane's abode. The bell didn't
sound
And so I pounded on the dore,
At first twuz silence, nothing
more.
Aunt Jane with nite cap on her hed
Announced that all had gone to
bed,

But still I had her wake her neese,
"Such nonsense henceforth you
must ceese,"
She sed. But enny way we went,
And then two hours more wuz
spent
In getting to the danse. And there
Familyar notes fell on the air.
Az they played, the dansers all
arose,
Twuz the national anthem which
did close
The danse. We cawt the last
car home,
And never again so far I'll rome.
Goodby, dere famly, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectshunate
Son,

JOHNNIE.



THE MILKY WAY



Dere fokes, my life's a soshial
 whurl,
 No time hav I to set and twirl
 My fingers for theres lots to do
 If one a dozen girls would woo.
 Last Friday nite some frends
 and me
 Stepped forth to the city for to see
 ShakeSpeare's genus at its hite,
 In Omelet—twuz a tragic site.
 The speeches beeing rather long
 And nary a dance and nary a song,
 I sat back with a amuzed air
 Observin' Human Natchure there.
 A woman sat in front of us
 Who made a everlastin' fuss.
 Eech word she said wud cawse to
 wiggle
 Her eerrings, my dame did gigle
 And me and the others laffed out
 lowd,
 Cawsing sum protest from the
 crowd.
 In back a man to sleep nere gone
 Did yawn a most prodidjus yawn.
 His open mouth showed he wuz
 old,
 It beein' mostly gums and gold.
 To pass the time I looked to see
 How many balled heds there
 mite be
 In seein' distance and I found,
 Both oval, skware, oblikque and
 round,
 A total sum of thirty seven,
 Which had no hair and then eleven
 Which had a littel, almost none,
 Which looked like specks upon
 the sun.

The play wuz grand. My soal wuz
 sturred,
 Especially when the deths okkured.
 The next day beein' awful hot
 A glass of buttermilk I got
 In the sandwetch shop where I
 espide
 Two laydey friends who beamed
 with pride
 When me they saw cavorting in,
 Perspiring with a plezent grin.
 They both wuz seeted at a taybel
 Which they had choze 'cawze they
 wuz able
 From it to see the passing throng
 Umhampered az they marched
 along.
 And also to resiprocate
 By showing themselves in a "tay-
 ta-tate."
 They beckoned me to cum and set
 With them. And I beein' overhet
 Sunk damp and sticky in a chair,
 And wisht I didn't haff to wear
 So many clothes. I also prayed
 That since pore me they had way-
 layed
 That they wud get a seperret bill.
 The food they'd bawt waz enuff to
 kill
 A giant. Az I gazed dummfounded
 I hoped my feres wuz not well
 grounded,
 That all those sandewetches and
 pie
 And waffels, which did also lie
 There and the cups of choklitt,
 too,
 And the marmelaide and other goo

Wud be charged up to my slim
purse
And then another thot still worse
Did seeze me. O if ' shud fail
To have enuff. I turned reel pale
And suffered terrible suspense
Fondling my dime and thirty cents
In my pocket. Then they brought
me in
My buttermilk. My hed did swim
And reel with awful apprehenshun,
My nerves waz rawt up to that
tenshun
Where they run loose, and so
unmeaning,
My elbow on the taybul leaning,
When the wateress suddenly did say
"I gess the gentleman will pay?"
My heart in icy dred did leep,
My elbow took a suddint sweep
And sped the buttermilk in the
air,
Like a cloudburst it did settle
where
The crisp new sandwetches did lay,
And made of them a milky way.
In horror I jumped to the flore

And doing so overturned some
more
Which still waz left. I muttered
"Hasen!
Somebody bring a mop and basin."
The wimmin sat there, cold and
grim,
And watched their waffles splash
and swim
Until sum buttermilk did trickle
Down where their nees was and
did tickle
Them and spoiled eech Eester dress,
"O Lord!" I sed, "What a awful
mess."
And then I met the laydey's eye
Who runs the shop. And I did fly
In terror out the nerest dore,
Which I'll not darken ennymore.
Offen I dreem of her and shake
My self to see if I'm awake
And even then I think its real,
My life iz sure one grand ordeal.
Goodby, dere famly, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectshunate
Son,

JOHNNIE.



"On the Rolly Koster we lost our breath."

AT IDORA PARK

Dere fokes, I'm tired of the soshial
stuff
And ake agen to akt reel tuff,
And so last nite a frend and me
To Adorer Park excitement lends.
What we cud find to stimulate
Our joy in living and so in state
With two feemales of soshial caste,
Into th' alluring gates we passed.
The brite lites and the gambling
dens
To Adorer Park excitement lends,
The girls at first did stout pro-
clame
That they wuz sorry they had came
To risk their lives and lose their
curls
On all them darksome brethless
whirls.
One of them sed that sense her
birth
She never had ariz from earth
And wudn't now, so not to teezer,
Lest suddint wrath should ominous
seezer
And bring a Eppileptick fit
(Altho' she appeared kwite sound
of wit).
But the aeroplane (hung to a chain)
With dezire to fly did seeze my
brain.
And so, although myself afeard,
I told my dame not to get skeered
With me along. So she and I
Around in a ring in the air did fly.
We went so fast our neeze did
shake,
I held her tite for safety's sake.

The motion made me see-
sick! "O,"
I prayed, "O, airship, go more
slow!"
My dame with suddint boldness
fired
Sed, when we'd stopped, she wuzn't
tired,
But I crept out and her forsook,
And seein' az I had the pocket book
She soon cum after, and we went
To the merry-go-round. There
wuz spent
A wild hilarious time a-riding,
And off the slippery horses sliding.
Our other cupple we found there,
O. K. but sumwhat wurse for wear.
The horses beeing sorter mild,
My dame sed, "Let's do something
wild."
Taking her at her word we entered
"The Whip"; excitement there is
centerred
With dubble force. The crooked
track
Sends shivers up the small of
your back.
My dame clung willing. When I
held
Her tite she never once rebelled.
We liked it, so we rode six times,
Till I found that I wuz out of
dimes.
And then we joined the other pair,
They having sum money still to
spare.
On the Rolly Koster we lost our
breth,

The dames both gurgled az if
Deth
Wuz coming. So I held mine tite
And spanked her back when she
grew white.
Altho' enjoyin' the fizzickle thrill
Which cum in the sudden drop
downs. Still
My stummick's scooped out feel-
ing grew
To such proportions that I knew
How it must feel to be in love
And so I prayed the Lord abuv
Wud keep me from a harsh attack
Of lovesickness. When we wuz
back

Upon the dry ground still once
more
We sott the crowded dansing flore,
Where, chewin' gum and holdin'
tite,
We wuz as tuff as enny that nite.
On sich occashuns such as these
A demerkrattick sense doze pleze
Me. Bathing in Humanitty
Doze help releeeve inannity,
And so agen we fore shall chase
To this tuff but captivating place,
Goodby, dere famly, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectshunate
Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE BELGIAN BABY BALL

Dere fokes, a feemale I did hawl
To hear the Beljun babies bawl.
At the 'Tater house my dame was
dressing
Reel slow, I spoze to keep me
gessing,
And so I sat and dummly wated
Az my new black shoes I kon-
templated.
An hour and a half and may be
more
I viewed the dust on the 'Tater's
flore,
And then I rendered "Three Blind
Mice"
On the pianny. It did sound so
nice
And brought such cheer to the
house.
Five times I rendered each blind
mouse.
The pianny beeing out of tune,
My dame cum rushing down reel
soon,
To say the housemarm's hed did
ake
And so I ceesed my big mistake.
In a strete car, we in pomp did
ride,
And both my shoestrings cum
untied,
Due to our running for the car,
And also I obtained a skar
From hoisting my dame up the
step,
Beeing az her skirt waz tite. My
pep
Did most giv out at this sad
junkshun

But on we went to the Soshial
Funkshun.
A multitoood was at this dance,
Perhaps five hundred pairs of pants
Waz present and a thousand
wimmin,
(One half of which waz used for
trimmin
The empty walls) and plenty of
money
Waz razed to buy kows' milk and
honey
For the Beljun babies. None will
starve,
Indeed I figger they can karve
A turkey on eech holliday
For these babies az they cum from
play.
Their Golden Goose has laid a
egg
The size of a normel beer kaig.
'Twuz the Dee Gee sisters giv' this
ball
In ansør to the Beljuns' call,
And I proklame them sure-enuff
ladies
For beeing so nice to the Beljun
babies.
Demokracy waz at the ball,
All types one saw around the wall.
The pore, the fat, the rich, the
thin,
All helped out in the drone and
din.
But all agreed in the shimmy's
kraze,
And none there did objectshun
raze.

One kuppel, kookoo in their up-
stairs
Did wall off a corner with sum
chairs
And jumped like monkeys in this
space,
A gargoyle grin upon eech face.
They twirled and whirled and
hopped and bowed
To the bewilderment of all the
krowd,
They jumped and bumped and
dipped and skipped,
And I laffed until my garter
ripped.

Then I stood still, a trembling
martyr
To the whim of that Pareesian
Garter.
It groaned, it creeked, it palpitated
In suspense and agony I waited.
But it hung, thank God, by one
mere thread
Until I safely got to bed.
Dere fokes, I'd rather hav' a
toomer
Than be without a sense of humor.
Goodby, my family, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectioonate
Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE PRYTANEAN FETE

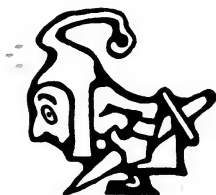
Dere fokes, last nite I skipped
around
At the Prettyneen Fait and plezure
found
In all the wild excitement there,
In all the gay Boheemian air.
Konfetti and the blare of drums,
And ballay girls and campus bums,
The sound of revelry by nite,
The kaffay's brite alluring lite,
The bags of candy that I ate,
All this made up the Prettyneen
fate.
I also saw sum cheep side shows,
And wimmin tramped upon my
toes
To make me buy sum seets
therein.
Even if I'd alreddy bin
They made me buy sum more. I
spent
My own cash and what others lent.
I danded with a little Chinese girl
Who waz a Orriental perl,
She grabbed her male frends by
the kollar
And made them each spend half-a-
dollar
On the "Follies," then she wudn't
danse
Until they dove down in their
pants
And brot the remainder of their
money
For her melting pot, she thot 'twaz
funny.
All the admiring men waz thrilled,
And the Prettyneen's Koffers waz
well filled.

I marched in the Grand Pro-
cesshun, too,
With a klassy lady that I knew.
She waz dressed up az a sirkus
tent,
And peepul cheered wherever she
went.
She wore a flagpole on her hed,
Az she marched with a imposing
tred.
The first prize went to the "Pop-
korn Dame"
Whoze strings of popcorn won her
fame.
A fat old farmer cum out sekund
He had three teeth and said he
reckoned
The crops waz doing mitey pore,
And then he skooted out the dore.
I went into the Fashion Show,
It cost me twenty cents to go,
But it waz surely worth the bill,
Those feemales waz dressed fit
to kill.
I went in a fortune telling booth,
Where a Gypsy sed she'd tell the
trooth
About me, then she kalmly sed,
"Sum day, young man, you're going
to wed."
Then added, (her voice waz hard
and dry),
"Sum day, young man, you're
going to die."
This prophecy did stir me so,
No longer can I plezure know
My soal is wretched, full of
gloom,
Az I think of my impending doom.

To die is bad enuff, but oh!
'Tis the marrying which doze
greeve me so.
Goodby, dere fokes, pleze send a
check,

For I am a pore, financial wreck.
Chip in sum money, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effecttshunate
Son,

JOHNNIE.



BOLSHEVISM

Dere fokes, the whole world I did
see

Shimmying at the Freshie Glee.
Under the purpel forrest's roof,
Many a mean and wicked hoof
Was shaken, many a eye did close
In the thrill of this ungainly poze.
When cheek meets cheek, tiz
surely time

To expose this evil deed in rime,
And so I'm going to tell the plot,
Of why they shiver in one spot,
Of why they rub eech other's nozes
Agenst the written law of Moses,
Of why they breathe a mutual
breth,

Which mite result in dizeeze or
deth.

The whole thing cums from Bol-
shevism

Which seeks the kriminal baptizm
Of all the world, which seeks to
win

Humanity for blud and sin.
And seeks this end in hidden ways,
Among which is this shimmy
kraze.

Leenine and Trotzky did invent
This suttel evil. Hours waz spent
In perfecting this, their Grand
Design

Kalkillated to bring in line
America to Bolshevism
And thus effect a mitey Skizm
Betwixt the Allies. And it seems
Az if they mite attain their
dreems,

Unless we start a social war
To stop it 'fore it goes too far.

When the innosence of youth takes
to it,

'Tis time to grab the vinegar
kruit

And pour some oil upon the flame,
Before it eats away our name.
This lingering, kwivering, shiv-
erring dance

Doze feeble-mindedness enhance,
It stunts the mental growth of
youth,

And sways them from the paths
of trooth.

It nullifies and deddens reezon
And starts a Bolshevicky treezon
'Gainst social codes and dry con-
vention

And other things I needn't mention.
It makes for luxury's weekening
spell,

Remember Rome and how it fell!
And at the Freshie Glee they
shimmied,

There waz none there that waz too
timid

To slap Convention in the face,
And shiver in one inch of space.
And at the Pie-Fry house next
nite,

Another Bolshevicky site
Did greet my pained and greeving
eyes,

Sisters of every shape and size
Waz shimmying, their eyes closed
tite

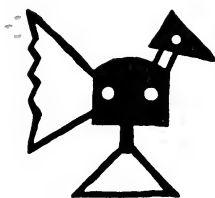
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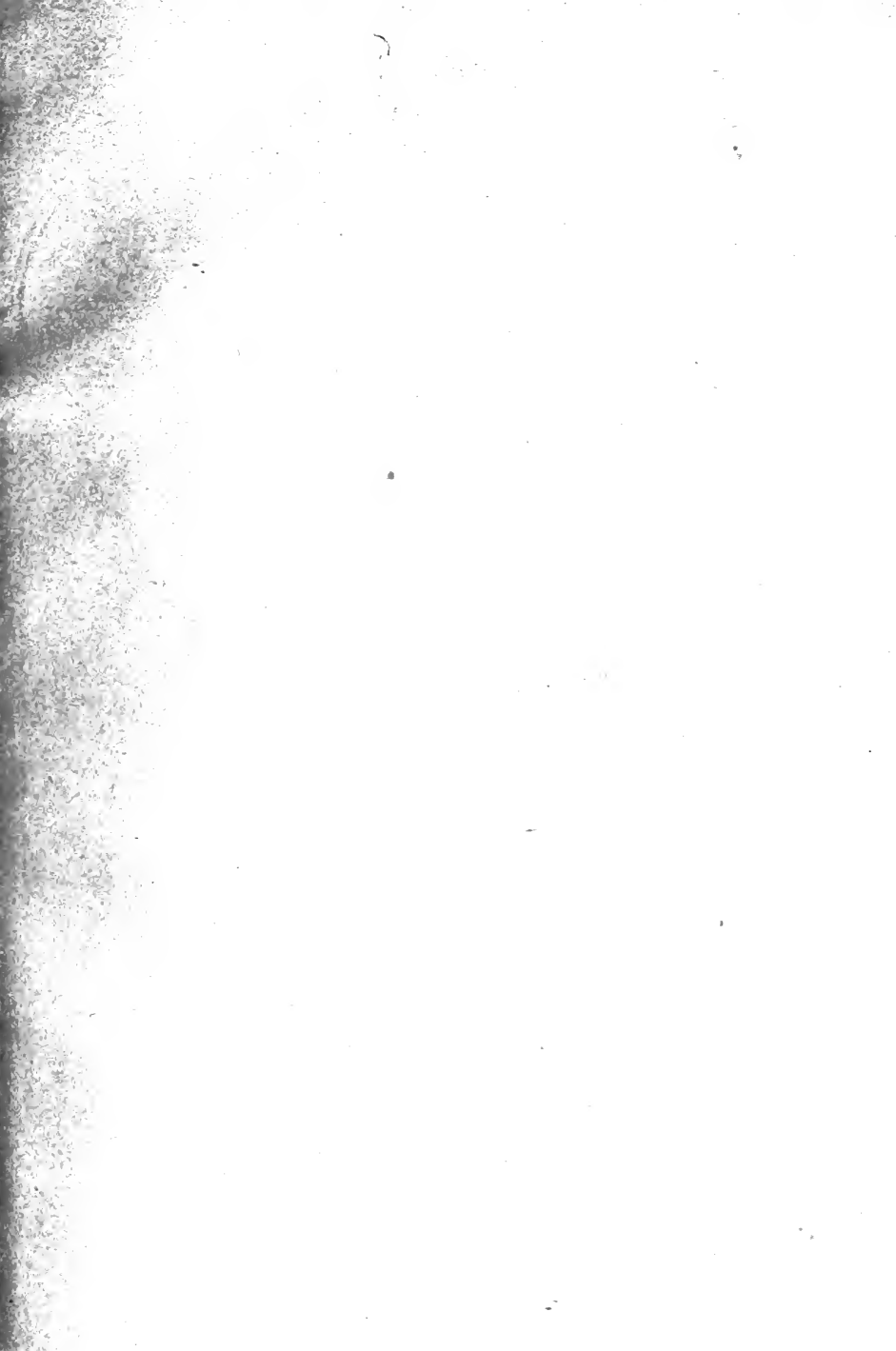
Even the Feemale Prezzident
Of the Animated Wimmen spent

Her time in shimmying. O my
Lord
Let peece and reezon be restored!
Keep us from Bolshevism's
kurse,
Bring on the shimmy's blackened
hearse.
Goodby, dere family, take to hart
The lesson that I here impart,

Pleaze don't shimmy in our front-
room,
Or we'll feel red Bolshevizm's
doom.
And tell the town foke, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effecttshunate
Son,

JOHNNIE.







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